

# JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

Prominent Washingtonians, Members of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, Who Are Helping to Make Fourth Liberty Loan Go Over the Top



MRS. MITCHELL CARROLL.



MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.



MRS. WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO.



MRS. LOUIS BROWNLOW.

DEAR SUSAN: "As popular as the influenza" that is a familiar enough phrase, but it's only recently we have come to realize all it means. Right now, Dr. Cardfield's "rashless Sunday" order, which has condemned Sunday morning to the limbo of half-forgotten joys, comes this threatened epidemic of what seems to be old-fashioned grippe, masquerading under the distinctly British name of influenza—or Spanish influenza, if one must be exact—and we are ordered to get along sans theatres, sans schools and playgrounds for the kiddies, sans any number of things which we have always considered quite indispensable.

Of course, it is manifestly necessary to take extraordinary precautions in a city like Washington, which comes pretty near being one large camp of war workers; but it is a curious sensation, this living under what amounts to a city-wide quarantine. There seems nothing left to do but eat and pray—and we're not even allowed to pray in groups, the Commissioners and the Health Department having ordered the churches closed as well as the places of amusement. If only the powers that be would—could—shut up all the offices and business places and order people out into the sunshine these gloomy autumn days, I suspect the army of influenza germs would be routed as completely as the Bulgars seem to have been routed of late.

There's no disposition to grumble at the imposition of restrictions or even at the "scragging" of hours of opening of the Government departments—something which is proving decidedly beneficial in the aggregate, out distinctly upsetting to the households of the clerks who are ordered to report at 7:30 o'clock a. m., but everybody is disposed to agree that it is pretty tough to have an epidemic strike town just at the time the Liberty loan campaign is gathering momentum.

## Liberty Loan Drive

### Hurt By Epidemic.

The Liberty loan committee in general and the woman's Liberty loan committee in particular had worked out a comprehensive scheme of mass meetings and parades, big guns to hammer home the great fact that it is up to every man and woman of us to back the boys over there with every ounce of strength we have, and that the surest way to do it is by buying a bond and then another bond, and then more bonds, until our pocket-books have reached the limit of elasticity; then came the request of the Commissioners that all public meetings be closed and the whole program was knocked galley west.

It was a staggering thing to have happen, but it didn't take long for the committee to reorganize its plans, and concentrate its entire energy and enthusiasm on the mammoth house-to-house canvass which is being made today. The members of the woman's Liberty loan committee, of which Mrs. McAdoo is national chairman and Mrs. Blaine Beale the local head, are co-operating with the men, going from house to house and making personal solicitations, and it's now up to you and me and our next-door neighbors, individually, to decide whether or not Washington, the Capital of the Nation, shall go over the top with a rush.

Mrs. McAdoo, daughter of the President, and wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, has been one of the

active workers in the campaign here. Yesterday she went to Baltimore to lead the women-in-war-work parade, which was arranged by the Baltimore Women's Liberty Loan Committee. That Mrs. McAdoo was accompanied by her husband goes without saying, for he seldom lets his pretty wife out of his sight. And Baltimore was properly set up over the visit, as the Secretary of the Treasury has been present at few Liberty Loan demonstrations during the present campaign.

## Mrs. Beale Working Overtime For Loan.

Mrs. Beale, who is really a host in herself when it comes to organizing and putting enthusiasm into a campaign, has been putting in an eight-hour day, with occasional overtime, at the headquarters of the woman's committee in F street and the members of the committee have backed her up splendidly. Their work in handling the booths in the hotels and department stores has been particularly notable. The total number of bonds sold in this fashion has reached amazing proportions.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth is one of Mrs. Beale's chief aides. Others on the committee are Mrs. Edward Beale, Mrs. Louis Brownlow, Mrs. Benedict Crowell, Mrs. James Carroll Fraser, Mrs. Mitchell Carroll, Mrs. Wesley M. Stoner, Mrs. Alice Pomeroy, that's by no means all but my memory is sketchy at best and the rest elude me.

Mrs. James Hamilton Lewis, who always puts her heart and soul into anything she undertakes, is one of the women who has been helping Mrs. Longworth at the hotels. She has done a land office business at her booth at

the Shoreham; and capped the climax by selling \$50,000 worth of bonds to one customer, Bernard Baruch, Capt. Walter Dillingham, who has recently come to Washington from Honolulu, bought a bond for each of his children, and but I can't go into individual sales, or it will take all day to tell you about them. Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Vice President, took the booth for Mrs. Lewis on Wednesday evening and business flourished while she was in charge.

Fortunately the coming of the great French Symphony Orchestra, which bids fair to be such an important event both musically and socially, is ten days off and the influenza epidemic will doubtless be well in hand by that time. However, a monkey wrench has been thrown into the works of a good many social and philanthropic events, notably the benefit for Mrs. Franklin K. Lane's pet project, the Interior Department Convalescent Home, which was to have been given soon. The mammoth spectacular film, "Lafayette, We're Here," showing the Americans in France, which is to be exhibited first in New York, influenza permitting—on October 14, with the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, there to make an address, has been secured, and the event was to have been made a gala arrangement can be made and the plan is hanging fire until the theaters open up again.

Acrosses of the Convalescent Home, which, incidentally, is a real home and a very happy one to the ten wounded soldier boys being cared for there, I'm reminded of the fact that the steward of the Walter Reed Hospital has telephoned to the Washington newspapers to order a substantial increase in the number of papers sent to the hospital each day on the ground that, being in quarantine, the boys are simply ravenous for reading matter. Which suggests that if you have any books or magazines about the house which you have been meaning to send to the hospital, now's the psychological moment to ship them along.

But is dancing. All public dance halls have been closed and everybody is earnestly requested to put off any private dances, any parties of any sort, in fine, which would mean the gathering together of any considerable number of people under one roof until the influenza is checked. And certainly if there were any parties on the carpet last week, save for an occasional dinner, no word of them came to my ears.

It was quite too bad, although to be expected under the circumstances, that the reception for the detachment of Italian veterans here to help with the Liberty loan campaign should have been called off. This entertainment, at which a "committee of the whole" of the Cabinet, headed by the Secretary of State, were to have been hosts, was the first big official event on the calendar, and I have a hunch that the diplomats and official folk would have turned out in full force. The Royal Grenadiers Band, an organization famous for generations, which is included in Italy's contribution to the Liberty loan drive, was to have played, and—but, let's hope for the best. Plans are being made to assemble the Italian heroes in Washington, when the city is itself again, and probably the concert and reception are only pleasures deferred.

Just as dancing is being frowned upon here, word comes from London that the order, which for over three years has forbidden British army officers to dance in any public place or in the clubs, has been rescinded. The story goes that the authorities were influenced in their decision by the invidious position in which British officers were placed as compared with American officers, now swarming in London, who dance whenever and wherever they have the opportunity.

The War Department auxiliary of the Red Cross, in whose activities

Mrs. Baker, wife of the Secretary of War, plays a leading part, has "taken on" a new job—doing the mending for some 27,000 soldiers in the camps around Washington—which is proving so mammoth in its proportions that it is quite overshadowing the earlier work of the organization, the making of surgical dressings, hospital garments, clothes for refugees and the like, despite its importance. The work rooms of the War Department Red Cross House, at 719 Ninth street, are open from 10 o'clock in the morning to 10 o'clock in the evening, and you can't imagine a busier place. When you consider that the first lot of socks, which came in totaled 20,000 pairs, and that there was one room piled to the ceiling with underwear and another with uniforms you get some idea of the magnitude of the task.

The things are brought straight to the work rooms from the laundry and no small part of the work is the sorting of the garments, taking out the ones that are not in need of mending, packing them together in bundles according to size, mending socks, measuring them and tying them together in bundles and getting the worn garments ready to be mended.

This part of the work is carried out in the day time; and Mrs. Baker and the wives of the officials of the War Department, who are her lieutenants, are assisted by the wives of army officers now stationed in Washington. Ever so many of them have volunteered for service, but there is work for many more, and any feminine member of an army officer's family will be made welcome and

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